IN MEMORIAM

A CYCLE OF SONGS

By

JAMES H. ROGERS

PRICE, $1.50, NET

New York
G. SCHIRMER
Boston
IN MEMORIAM

A CYCLE OF SONGS

For Medium Voice

By

JAMES H. ROGERS

I

Dark Mother, always gliding near
(Walt Whitman)

II

Requiem
(Robert Louis Stevenson)

III

The Last Invocation
(Walt Whitman)

IV

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Walt Whitman)

V

After Death in Arabia
(Sir Edwin Arnold)

VI

Sail forth!
(Walt Whitman)

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New York · G. SCHIRMER · Boston
In memory of my dear son.
Henry
(1892–1918)
First Lieutenant, U. S. Air Service
How the flowers of the apricot-plum
flutter and turn!
Do I not think of you? But your
house is distant.
The Master said: "It is the want of
thought about it. How is it distant?"

From the Chinese of Confucius.
IN MEMORIAM
I

Dark Mother, always gliding near

Walt Whitman*  

James H. Rogers

* From "Leaves of Grass", published by The David McKay Company
I bring thee a song,
that when thou must indeed come,

Come un-fa-lvng-ly.
Approach, strong Be-

liv-er-ess, ap-proach!

When it is so,
When thou hast tak-en them,
Joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the

Loved in the flood of thy bliss,

Death!
II

Requiem

Robert Louis Stevenson

Tempo moderato, ma con spirito

Voice

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and

Piano

let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a

* From "Poems and Ballads", published by Charles Scribner's Sons

20275
Meno mosso

\[ \text{p} \]

This be the verse you grave for me: Here he lies where he

\[ \text{p subito} \]

rallentando poco a poco

lunged to be; Home is the sail - or, home from sea, And the

\[ \text{colà voce} \]

dolce, non legato

molto espress.

hunter home from the hill.

ben tranquillo

\[ \text{pp} \]

\[ \text{pp sempre} \]

\[ \text{PPP} \]
The Last Invocation

Walt Whitman*  James H. Rogers

Lento e dolce

Voice

Piano

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the

powerful fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks,
from the

sleniendo  molto lento

keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted,

* From "Leaves of Grass", published by The David McKay Company
poco più messo  

Let me glide noise-less-ly forth.  

With the

più mosso

ben tranquillo

key of soft-ness un-lock the

ppp dolciss.

locks with a whis-per,  

Set ope the

 sempre p  

mp
doors, O Soul! Tend-er-ly!

be—not im-pa-tient! (Strong is your hold, O mor-tal flesh!

Strong is your hold, O love!)
IV

Joy, shipmate, joy!

Walt Whitman*  
James H. Rogers

Animato

Voice

Joy! ship-mate, joy!
Joy! ship-mate, joy!

Piano

mf meno mosso

Tempo \( \text{P} \)

pleased to my soul at death I cry,
Joy! ship-mate, joy!

Our

ten.

mf col canto
ten.

poco agitato

pochissimo sìlentando

life is closed—our life be-gins; The long, long, an-chor-age we

mf

col canto

*From "Leaves of Grass", published by The David McKay Company

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Vivo

leaves, The ship is clear at last—she

leaps! She swiftly courses from the

shore; Joy! ship-mate, joy! Joy! ship-mate, joy!

Joy!

Tempo I°

poco allarg

molto accelerando

sempre ff
V

After Death in Arabia

Sir Edwin Arnold

Ben moderato

Voice

He who died at A-zan sends This to com-fort

Piano

f con anima

all his friends: Al-lah glo-rious! Al-lah good!

Now thy world is un-der-stood; Now the long, long won-der ends,
Yet ye weep, my erring friends, While the man whom ye call dead

In unspok-en bliss in stead Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,

By such light as shines for you; But in light ye

can-not see. Of unfulfiled felici-ty,
largamente

In enlarging paradise Lives a life that

largamente armonioso

sovereign dies.

Tempo I°

Be ye certain, all seems love, View'd from Allah's

dolce sostenuto

throne above; Be ye stout of heart and come Bravely onward
to your home! La Al-lah il-la Al-lah! La Al-lah il-la

Yeal! Thou

love di-vine! Thou love al-way!

He who died at A-razan gave This to those who made his grave.
VI
Sail forth!

Walt Whitman

Sail forth! Steer for the deep waters only!

Spiritoso

Voice

Piano

Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me;

agitato

Sail forth! Sail forth!

meno mosso

* From "Leaves of Grass", published by The David McKay Company
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.
con moto maestoso, sempre con anima

O my brave soul! O farther, farther

meno f poco più mosso

sail! O daring joy, but safe! O

poco più mosso

poco sentando

con anima

daring joy, but safe! Are they not all the seas of

LA

poco sentando

mf
allargando

God? Are they not all the seas of God?

più allargando

non arpeggiato

a tempo, maestoso

far-ther, far-ther, far-ther sail!

O far-ther, far-ther, far-ther

a tempo, maestoso

sempre f

allargando ten.

col canto

sail!

molto vivace

ff